
THE DOLL MAN
AUTUMN ISSUE
Quarterly
No. 7 10¢
SPECIAL! FOUR DYNAMIC DOLL MAN STORIES!

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

THE DOLL MAN®

AUTUMN ISSUE

Quarterly No. 7 10¢

SPECIAL! FOUR DYNAMIC DOLL MAN STORIES!

Boys! FREE 5 POWER TELESCOPE



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 16-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 25 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN



Safe Harmless!

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
300 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1703

Gentlemen: I enclose not check or money order for $1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman $1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 3 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 3 Free Telescopes at the special price of $5.75 in payment of this.

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

THE DELL MAN QUARTERLY. Autumn, 1942 (No. 7. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Executive Offices, Dorrance Building, 233 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Gilbert Fox, Editor. Entered as second-class matter August 26, 1937, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 149 Lexington Ave., New York City. L. S. Murphy, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 360 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1942 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

THE DOLL MAN

THE WORST ANYONE COULD EVER SAY ABOUT THE PELICAN WAS THAT HE WAS A FUNNY LOOKING BIRD! BUT NOT AFTER PERKINS' PELICAN CAME ALONG! ...

WHAT A BIRD THAT PELICAN TURNED OUT TO BE! ... WITH A BRAIN FULL OF VILLAINY, A BEAK FULL OF LARCENY AND A HEART FULL OF HATE! OH ... YOU DON'T THINK A PELICAN CAN HATE? THE DOLL MAN DOUBTED IT, TOO, UNTIL ... BUT LET'S GET ON WITH OUR STORY! ...

DARREL DANE, DR. ROBERTS AND HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA CONTEMPLATE AN EVENING AT THE THEATRE...

OH, DARREL, I'VE HEARD OF THEIR ACT! — THEY SAY IT'S A SCREAM!

LET'S GO, THEN!

PERHAPS YOU'VE SEEN THE FAMOUS PELICAN AT THIS THEATRE, TONIGHT ONLY! ONE LAUGH RIOT OF VAUDEVILLE! DON'T MISS THEM!

INSIDE THE THEATRE...

AND NOW FOR THE "PELICAN QUIZ"!

THERE! NOW YOU LOOK INTELLIGENT!

THIS IS THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!

1. Audience
2. Fish
3. Suckers

NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PELICAN WILL TAP HIS BEAK ON THE FLOOR THE NUMBER OF TIMES NECESSARY TO INDICATE THE CORRECT ANSWER TO MY QUESTIONS!

TWO TAPS! —FISH! GOOD FOR YOU, PAL!

TAP TAP

1. Audience
2. Fish
3. Suckers

AND WHICH FISH DO YOU LIKE BEST OF ALL?

THREE TAPS! SUCKERS, EH?

AND WHERE WOULD YOU LOOK FOR SUCKERS?

ONE TAP! IN THE AUDIENCE!! WOW! HEAR THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

HE'S TERRIFIC!

WELL, FOLKS ... THE PELICAN IS GRATEFUL FOR YOUR KIND APPLAUSE -- HE INSISTS ON THANKING SOME OF YOU PERSONALLY!

YOU'RE WELCOME, I'M SURE! HA-HA!

YOU'RE A CARD, PELICAN!

THE PERFORMANCE ENDS ...

AS THE AUDIENCE LEAVES THE THEATRE...

EEEK! ... MY PEARL NECKLACE! IT'S GONE! IT WAS WORTH A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THERE MUST BE A PRETTY HIGH-CLASS PICKPOCKET IN THIS CROWD... LIFTING A HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR NECKLACE!

MY WALLET! IT'S GONE! I HAD TEN THOUSAND IN CASH IN IT!

THAT'S STRANGE! BOTH THE WOMAN AND THE MAN SHOOK HANDS WITH THE PELICAN! -- EXCUSE ME FOR A WHILE, MARTHA! I'LL MEET YOU AT HOME!

DARREL! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BUT DARREL DANE IS ALREADY ON HIS WAY BACKSTAGE!

THIS MUST BE THE ROOM!

OKAY, PELICAN -- LET'S BREEZE! -- BY NOW THE SUCKERS HAVE PROBABLY DISCOVERED THAT WE TOOK" THEM!

SO THAT'S IT!

OH -- COULD I SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT, MR. PERKINS?

NO AUTOGRAPHS NOW, PAL! -- I'M IN A HURRY!

I DON'T DOUBT THAT! WELL -- DARREL DANE CAN'T GET IN -- BUT I THINK THE DOLL MAN CAN!

IN A BLINDING FLASH...

DARREL DANE BECOME THE TINY DOLL MAN!

WHAT TH--? THE DOLL MAN!

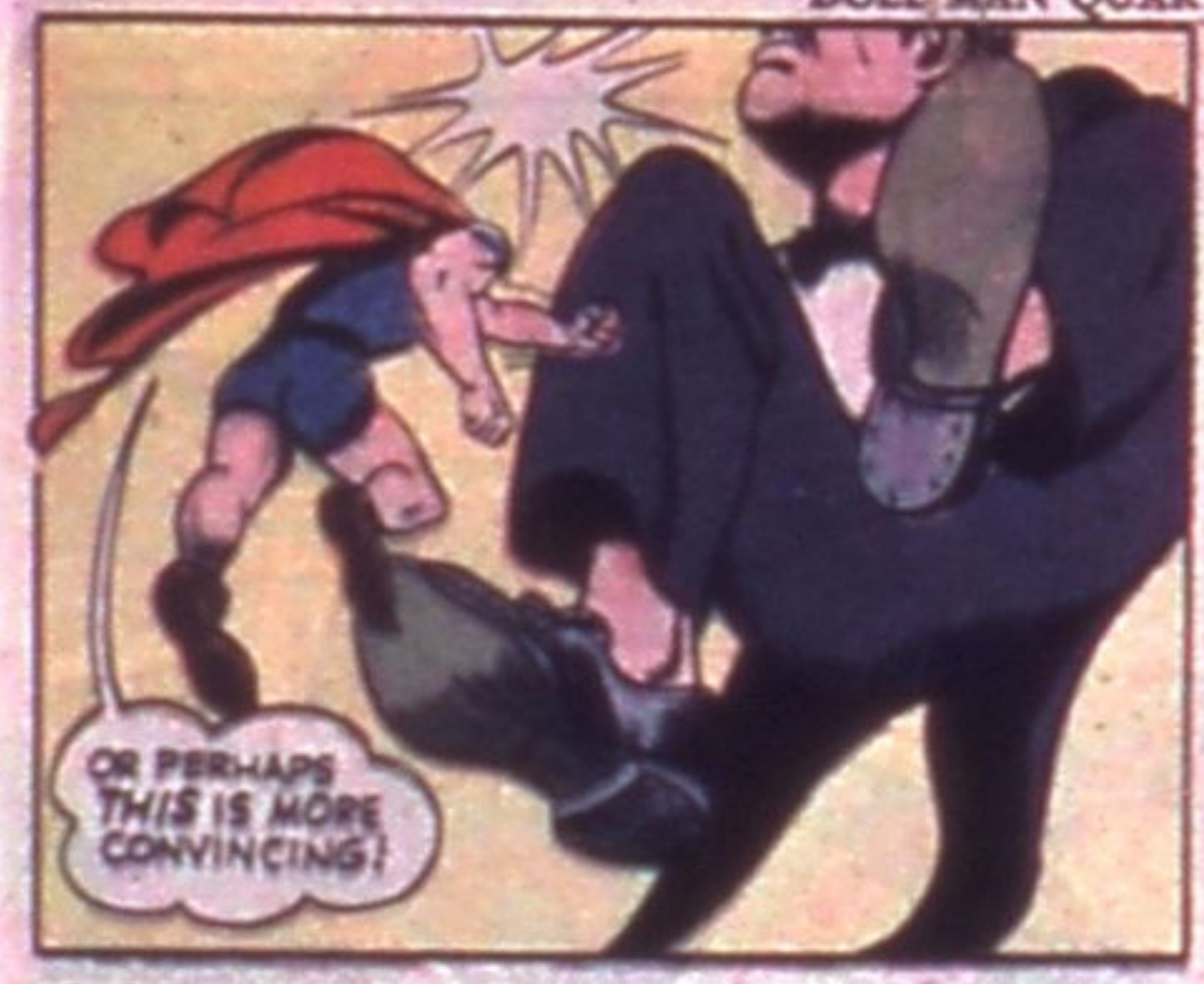
IN PERSON, CROOK!

HAND OVER THE JEWELS AND THE MONEY!

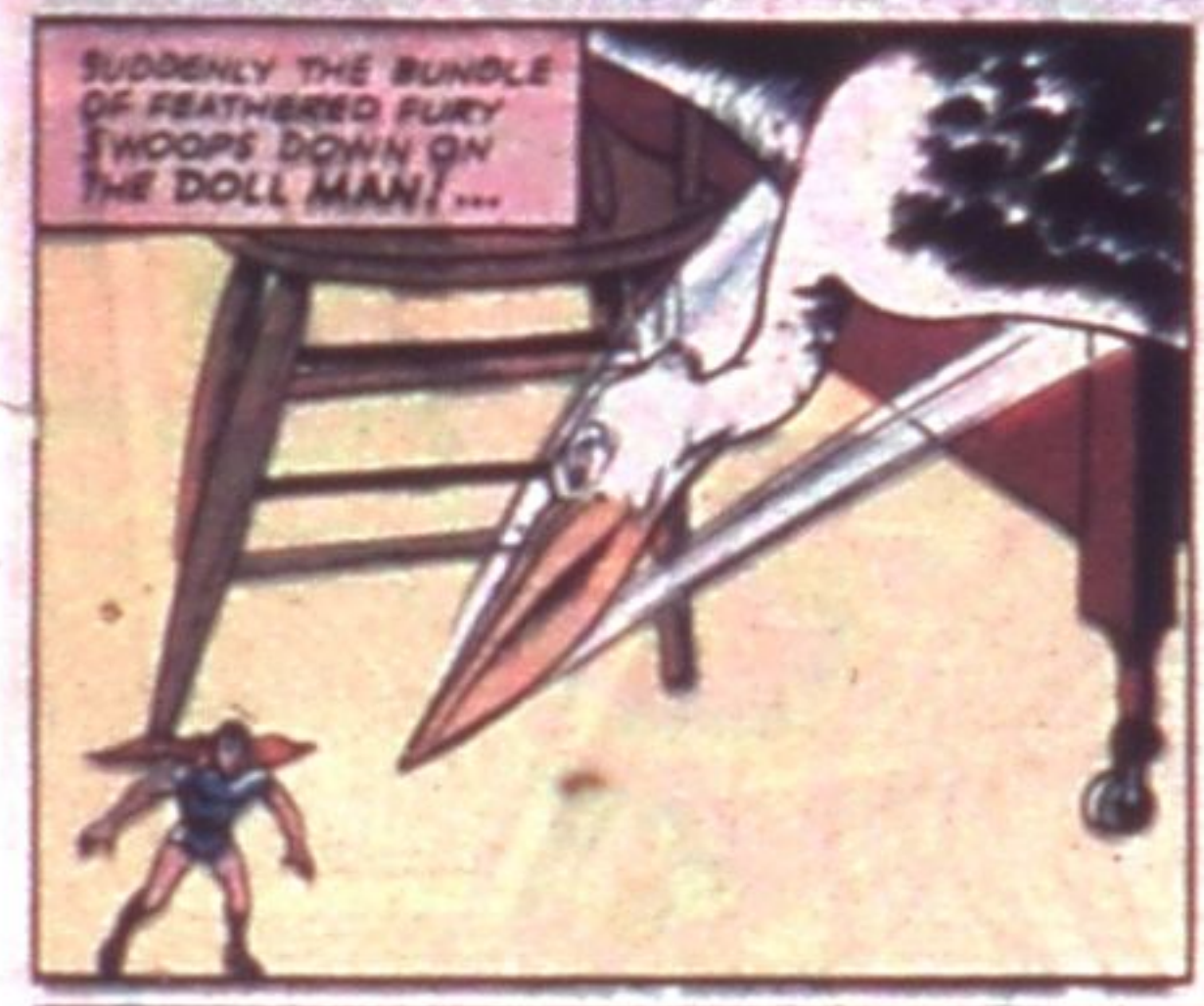
DON'T BE A SAP, DOLL MAN! YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING, EVEN IF YOU DID FIGURE OUT OUR RACKET! ... I'VE HEARD OF GUYS BEING AFRAID OF YOU -- BUT YOU DON'T SCARE ME!

IN THAT CASE, LET ME DEMONSTRATE!

DOES THAT GIVE YOU SOME IDEA?


OR PERHAPS THIS IS MORE CONVINCING!


HEY!


SUDDENLY THE BUNDLE OF FEATHERED FURY SWOOPS DOWN ON THE DOLL MAN! ...


OUCH!




IF I SOCK HIM, HE'LL DROP ME TO THE GROUND!

OVER THE ROOFTOPS FLIES THE PELICAN WITH ITS TINY BURDEN!

AND THEN...

IF HE DROPS ME NOW... HMMM! -- I'D BETTER NOT THINK OF THAT!

HERE IT COMES!

BUT... AS THE DOLL MAN FALLS PAST THE FIFTIETH STORY OF A SKYSCRAPER...

IF I CAN GRAB THE FLAG...

WHEW! PATRIOTISM CERTAINLY HAS ITS ADVANTAGES!..

IF THIS FLAG HADN'T BEEN HERE ... OH, WELL, I'D BETTER GET INSIDE!...

NOW TO GET BACK TO PERKINS BEFORE HE AND HIS BIRD FLY THE COOP!

BACK IN THE THEATRE DRESSING ROOM...

WH--WHAT HIT ME? --OH, IT'S YOU!

I SEE YOU GOT RID OF THAT LITTLE HUMAN DYNAMO! GOOD!!

I'D BETTER PACK THE REST OF THE STUFF, TOO! DOLL MAN MIGHT HAVE TIPPED OFF THE COPS --SO WE'D BETTER LIE LOW FOR A WHILE!

WHILE PERKINS IS PACKING...

BET THEY NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE ME AGAIN!

AT SIGHT OF THE DOLL MAN, THE PELICAN DROPS HIS JAW IN SURPRISE...

I MUST GET RID OF THE BIRD FIRST! HE'S A DEMON!

?

HERE GOES!

BUT THE PELICAN MOVES FORWARD SUDDENLY, MOUTH STILL OPEN ...

GURP!

INSIDE THE PELICAN'S BEAK...

RATHER DARK IN HERE AND THE VENTILATION'S NOT TOO GOOD!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, YOU'D BETTER KEEP THIS SWAG IN YOUR BEAK! IF THE COPS FIND ME, THEY WON'T THINK OF LOOKING FOR IT THERE!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO GOOEY ABOUT? COME ON, OPEN THAT BEAK!

A FINE TIME YOU PICK TO BE STUBBORN! — OPEN UP!

HELLO, PERKINS! THANKS FOR RESCUING US!

I MUST ADMIT YOU'RE TAKING A BEATING!

OH, NO! — NOT THIS TIME! YOU'LL HAVE TO STICK TO FISH, PELICAN!

THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU — AND I'M NOT KIDDING!

DOLL MAN BECOMES DARRELL DANE ONCE MORE...

HELLO — POLICE HEADQUARTERS! ... I HAPPENED TO PASS THIS DRESSING ROOM ... AND SAW PERKINS AND HIS PELICAN LYING ON THE FLOOR ... WITH JEWELS AND MONEY ALL OVER THE PLACE! ...

WHILE DARREL WAITS FOR THE POLICE...

YEP, WE HAD A GOOD RACKET! I USED TO SEND FREE TICKETS TO GUYS WITH PLENTY OF DOUGH AND TO RICH DAMES TOO! THE PELICAN LIFTED THE STUFF IN HIS BEAK WHEN HE SHOOK HANDS!

BUT HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

OH — DOLL MAN RAN INTO ME AND ASKED ME TO GUARD YOU UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!

OKAY, BUD! WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

DOLL MAN WILL AGAIN THRILL YOU — NEXT MONTH IN Feature COMICS!

Lala Palooza

GOT SOME COPY PAPER, LALA! I WANNA GET TO WORK ON MY NOVEL!

OH, DON'T BOTHER ME NOW! I'M EXPECTING COMPANY FOR TEA!

THIS NICE, NEW BLANK BOOK WILL DO JUST AS WELL!

THIS OUGHTA BE A GOOD BEGINNING— "LITTLE DO MY STUPID NEIGHBORS SUSPECT THAT I AM THE "GREEN GHOUL!"

"MURDER IS MY MEAT AND POTATOES! I MUST KILL TO LIVE! THE WAIL OF MY VICTIMS IS THE SWEETEST LULLABY I KNOW!"

TEN CHAPTERS IN TWENTY MINUTES! THIS WRITING RACKET IS A CINCH!

LOOK, LAURA! — LALA'S DIARY!! TEE-HEE! — LET'S PEEK!

WHAT IN ——?

"SHOT HOT MUSICIAN AND A PAIR OF POETS TODAY. BUT THINGS ARE TOO SOFT— GOING GUNNING FOR THE MAYOR NEXT WEEK!"

MY DIARY

"TODAY THE MAILMAN OUGHT ME ROBBING BOX— HAD TO STRANGLE HIM!"

LOOK AT THIS! — "RUBBED OUT TWO OLD LADIES BY PUTTING CHEMICAL IN THEIR TEA— LOT OF LAUGHS!"

WHY, THE WOMAN'S A FIEND!

MY DIARY

HERE'S YOUR TEA, GIRLS—

I GOT HER, LAURA— CALL A COP!

SHE TRIED TO POISON US, OFFICER!

SHE'S A MASS KILLER AND BRAGS ABOUT IT!

?

HEY, LALA! WHERE'S THAT BOOK I WAS WRITING IN MY HORROR NOVEL IN?

THERE! AND NOW I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL MURDER IS LIKE!

MY DIARY

The DOLL MAN

THIS WAS A DIFFERENT SORT OF CRIMINAL BAND! --THEY PLAYED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WITH ONE HAND, AND PLAYED A "SIX-GUN" HARMONY WITH THE OTHER!

BUT THE *DOLL MAN* MAKES THE MUSICAL CROOKS FIDDLE ANOTHER TUNE WHEN HE BEATS OUT A RHYTHM IN FISTICUFFS THAT MAKES EVEN THESE LOVERS OF SWING "HOOF IT" TO THE SAD, SLOW LAMENT OF "THE PRISONER'S SONG"!

STEALTHY SHADOWS MOVE TOWARD THE VAN DER HOFFEN MANSION.

THE GUESTS ARE ALL IN THE BALL ROOM! GET GOIN', BOYS!

OKAY, DIRK!

SPREAD OUT AND GO THROUGH THE ROOMS! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN ROCKS HERE TONIGHT!

WHAT'S GOING ON DOWNSTAIRS, DIRK?

THE VAN DER HOFFEN BALL! THEY HOLD IT EVERY YEAR! IT'S FOR ONLY THE SWELLEST OF THE SWELLS!

HEY, DIRK! LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

QUIET, YOU APE! WHEN THE ORCHESTRA STARTS PLAYING DOWNSTAIRS, YOU CAN YELL ALL YOU WANT!

GOSH, DIRK! REMEMBER YEARS AGO WHEN WE USED TO PLAY FOR THE BOYS' CLUB! WE WERE A NIFTY LITTLE SWING BAND, EVEN IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

YEAH! I USED TO PLAY THE FIDDLE!

BUT CUT OUT THE SENTIMENT! WE AIN'T KIDS NO MORE! --- WE'RE HERE ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS!

OKAY, DIRK!-- LEAD ON!

WHILE, IN AN ADJOINING ROOM...

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! AN INVITATION TO PLAY AT THE VAN DER HOFFEN BALL! --THE BIGGEST SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON!

THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!

YOU'VE WORKED HARD FOR THIS! WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN, ART!

JUST DO YOUR BEST! THAT'S ALL I ASK!

THIS IS OUR FIRST BREAK! BUT IT'S ALL WE NEED! IN A FEW MONTHS, ART GORDON'S BAND WILL BE FAMOUS! GO OUT THERE AND GIVE THEM ALL YOU'VE GOT!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

I'M A LUCKY GUY! HAVING A SWELL BUNCH OF MUSICIANS LIKE THAT FOR A BAND... AND A CHANCE TO SHOW OUR STUFF!

I'M CLOSING THIS DOOR ON JUST PLAIN ART GORDON, THE MUSICAL NOBODY! BUT WHEN I COME BACK, I'LL BE ART GORDON, THE LEADER OF A NEW SENSATIONAL SWING BAND!

QUEER! SOMEONE'S IN THAT ROOM WITH A FLASHLIGHT!

MAYBE I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!

--- A BURGLAR!

WHAT TH--!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT, SUCKER!

--NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT!

I HADDA SLUG HIM, DIRK!

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! NO... WAIT!

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! GIVE ME THAT CIGARETTE CASE!

WHATTYA GONNA DO?

QUICKLY, DIRK DALO IMPRINTS THE UNCONSCIOUS BAND LEADER'S FINGERPRINTS ON THE STOLEN CIGARETTE CASE!

NOW, LISTEN TO ME, SUCKER! YOUR FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THIS CIGARETTE CASE! SQUEAL ON US--AND WE'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE COPS!

BUT- BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME CONVINCING THE COPS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY HEAR US SWEAR YOU WERE OUR INSIDE MAN ON THE JOB! YOU KEEP QUIET AND PLAY THE GAME OUR WAY FROM NOW ON-- OR ELSE!

MEANWHILE... DARREL DANE AND HIS FIANCEE, MARTHA ROBERTS, ARE AMONG THE GUESTS AT THE BALL DOWNSTAIRS...

THIS NEW BAND IS WONDERFUL! ART GORDON IS REALLY GOING PLACES!

THE CROWD IS GETTING TOO MUCH FOR ME! LET'S SIT THIS ONE OUT!

I COULD DANCE FOREVER TO THIS MUSIC!

THOSE MEN RUNNING ACROSS THE LAWN! ONE OF THEM LOOKS LIKE DIRK DALO, THE GANG LEADER!

EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE, MARTHA!

IT IS DIRK DALO! WHENEVER THAT FELLOW'S AROUND, THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE, AND WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE ---

--THERE'S THE DOLL MAN!

DIRK DALO'S PROBABLY PULLING A HOLD-UP!

HERE'S ONE HOLD-UP MAN WHO GETS A "COME DOWN!"

YOU'LL FIND EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORNS!

NOW I'LL ATTEND TO YOUR PALS!

NOT LEAVING SO SOON, ARE YOU?

HELP! GET ME DOWN! I'M STUCK!

MAYBE I CAN EVEN CONVINCE YOU TO STAY, DIRK DALO!

OWW!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR BRAINS SCRAMBLED?

YOU LITTLE IMP!

SURPRISED ME THAT TIME! I FEEL AS IF SOMEBODY HAD RUN ME THROUGH A MEAT GRINDER!

DIRK DALO AND HIS MEN GOT AWAY! · SOMETHING TELLS ME I'LL HEAR FROM THEM AGAIN!

HEADLINES SOON SCREAM THE NEWS OF DIRK DALO'S EXPLOITS!

WAR RELIEF DANCE ROBBED!

Bandits Break Into Debs Party And Steal Gems

CROOKS LOOT SOCIETY GAT

HAVE YOU NOTICED, DARREL, THAT MOST OF THESE ROBBERIES OCCUR AT LARGE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS! THE CROOKS STRIKE WHEN THE GUESTS ARE BEING ENTERTAINED!

I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE, DOCTOR ROBERTS! OUR FRIEND, ART GORDON, HAS BEEN BANDLEADER AT ALL THE PLACES THAT HAVE BEEN ROBBED!

VEE -- ART GORDON IS HAVING MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF TROUBLE! ....

OHH! THAT'S TERRIBLE! NO! NO!

I CAN'T GO ON! YOU MEN WILL NEVER BE GOOD MUSICIANS! YOU SIMPLY DON'T BELONG ON THE BIG TIME!

YOU BELONG THERE, GORDON! AND YOU'LL KEEP WORKING WITH US UNTIL WE CAN GET BY! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE POLICE TO FIND THAT CIGARETTE CASE, WOULD YOU?

THERE'S NO WAY OUT! I CAN'T GO TO JAIL FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO! I MUST KEEP ON -- WHETHER I WANT TO OR NOT!

THAT EVENING FINDS DARREL DANE FOLLOWING UP HIS HUNCH!

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN ART GORDON AND THESE CRIMINALS?

MAYBE NOT! BUT I'LL ENJOY HEARING HIS MUSIC AGAIN!

ART GORDON MUST HAVE GOT SOME NEW MEN IN HIS BAND! I DON'T RECOGNIZE THEM! I DON'T THINK THEY PLAY AS WELL, EITHER!

THAT'S DIRK DALO AND HIS GANG! I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH GORDON -- AS THE DOLL MAN!

LEAVING MARTHA, DARREL DANE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN AND FOLLOWS THE BAND LEADER TO HIS DRESSING ROOM!

THOSE CROOKS GOT INTO THE PLACES THEY ROBBED AS PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT! ART GORDON'S GOING TO HAVE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO!

MEANWHILE -- IN THE ORCHESTRA'S DRESSING ROOM ...

THIS IS THE END, DALO! I WON'T BE A PARTY TO ANOTHER OF YOUR CROOKED SCHEMES! I WON'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS JOB TONIGHT!

YOU'RE GETTING TOO BIG FOR YOUR SHOES, GORDON! IT'S TIME YOU WERE TAUGHT A LESSON!

YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME, DIRK! THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO THE POLICE!

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL DO THAT, GORDON!

SOCK!

SHALL I RUB HIM OUT, DIRK?

YOU'D BETTER NOT!

WH—WHO W-WAS THAT?

THE DOLL MAN!

GET HIM, YOU FOOL!

I'LL BLAST YOU!

STOP BLOWING YOUR HORN!

HERE COMES A BIG FELLOW!

LET'S GET 'IM, GUYS

SO HERE COMES A BIG WALLOP FOR YOU!

I GOT 'IM!

I GOT 'IM!

OOF!

DO YOU WANT TO PLAY THE VIOLIN?-- TAKE A BOW!

OWW!

THE HEAD RAT'S DESERTING THE SHIP!

BUT DIRK DALO'S ATTEMPTED FLIGHT IS ONLY A RUSE!

TRICKED YOU, DOLL MAN!

SIAM!

WE OUGHTA BUMP OFF THE DOLL MAN WHILE WE'VE GOTTA CHANCE!

NO! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! GET ME THE DRUM!

EVER HEAR OF A MAN GOING CRAZY FROM TOO MUCH SOUND? THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE DOLL MAN!

THEY USED TO KILL PEOPLE BY LASHING THEM TO BIG BELLS! THE SOUND OF THE BELLS KILLED THEM — AFTER IT DROVE THEM CRAZY! WHEN THE DOLL MAN IS SEALED UP TIGHT IN THAT DRUM, HE'LL GET SOME OF THE SAME MEDICINE!

WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT GORDON?

WE NEED HIM TO FINISH THIS SHOW! AFTER THAT, GORDON WILL TAKE THE RAP FOR US!

THE COPS'LL FIND GORDON DEAD — A SUICIDE! HE'LL LEAVE A NOTE CONFESSING THAT HIS CONSCIENCE BOTHERED HIM! HE COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF THE INNOCENT PEOPLE HE HAD ROBBED!

THAT'LL CLEAR US UP WITH THE COPS!

YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, DIRK!

Batso... INSIDE THE DRUM...

BOOM BOOM BOOM

MY HEAD! OWWHHH! WHERE AM I?

I-I MUST BE INSIDE A DRUM! THAT POUNDING! I-I CAN'T STAND IT!

BOOM

STILL THE TERRIBLE, CEASELESS SOUND GOES ON - WHILE THE DOLL MAN, TRAPPED INSIDE, IS TOO WEAK TO MOVE! . . .

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH THIS NUMBER! I HOPE ART GORDON DOESN'T GIVE US AWAY!

HE KNOWS I HAVE MY GUN AIMED AT HIM! HE'D BE DEAD BEFORE HE RAISED HIS VOICE!

OKAY, GORDON! WE'RE THROUGH PLAYING — IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! — GET GOING!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, DIRK!

YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US GET AWAY WITH IT, PRETTY BOY!

MEAN-WHILE - THE DOLL MAN'S MIGHTY BODY HAS THROWN OFF THE EFFECTS OF HIS TERRIBLE ORDEAL, AND -

DIRK DALO UNDERESTIMATED ME! . . .

THAT'S ALWAYS A SERIOUS MISTAKE!


NOW, WRITE WHAT I SAY! ... THE DOLL MAN!!
HELLO, AGAIN!
BUT—
NO "BUTTS," PLEASE!


HERE'S WHERE I "BEAT THE BAND"!
DIRK DALO DOESN'T LIKE THIS SWING SESSION!


"BEAT ME, DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR!"
—OR WOULD YOU PREFER A "BOOGIE-WOOGIE" BEAT?

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, DOLL MAN!

OHHHHH!

NO LITTLE TOY MAN IS GOING TO STOP ME!

NOT THIS TIME, DIRK!

I DON'T CARE IF I GO TO JAIL— AS LONG AS YOU GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!

CRACK

THIS IS ONLY A STARTER!

I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP, YOU!!--

BOP!

GUESS AGAIN, DIRK!

HERE'S A LULLABY NUMBER!

THANKS, GORDON! WE DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB TOGETHER

I'M GLAD! — EVEN IF IT DOES MEAN MY OWN FINISH!

YOU MEAN THIS CIGARETTE CASE?

STOLEN PROPERTY — AND IT HAS MY FINGER PRINTS! I DIDN'T STEAL IT! BUT THE COPS WILL NEVER BELIEVE THAT!

YOU'VE EARNED THIS, GORDON! THE CIGARETTE CASE IS GOING BACK TO ITS OWNER — WIPED CLEAN! THAT MEANS YOUR SLATE IS WIPED CLEAN, TOO!

SOMETIME LATER... AT A FASHIONABLE NIGHT CLUB...

ART GORDON HAS HIS OLD BAND BACK! NO WONDER HE'S MAKING SUCH A SUCCESS!

HE HAS A SMOOTH-WORKING OUTFIT NOW!

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS OLD CREW?

SOMETIMES I WONDER, TOO!

IN CASE YOU ARE WONDERING, LET US LOOK IN ON DIRK DALO AND HIS MEN IN THEIR NEW HOME...

OH, I WISH I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL

BE SURE TO READ THE NEXT DOLL MAN STORY IN FEATURE COMICS!

America - It's Worth De



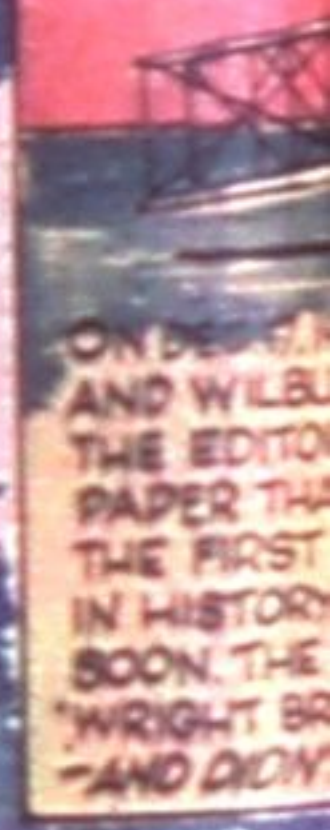


THE LIBERTY BELL WAS NOT CRACKED PROCLAIMING LIBERTY IN 1776. IT WAS DAMAGED IN 1835, TOLLING THE DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BATTLES IN U.S. NAVAL HISTORY WAS THE VICTORY OF THE U.S.S. CONSTITUTION ("OLD IRONSIDES") OVER THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR GUERRIERE, ON AUGUST 19, 1812.

(CONTRAST THIS CLOSE-UP ACTION WITH THE BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA IN 1942, IN WHICH THE AMERICAN AND JAPANESE BATTLESHIPS NEVER EVEN SAW EACH OTHER, ALL OF THE DAMAGE BEING DONE BY OPPOSING AIRCRAFT!)

BOX SCORE OF THE 1812 SEA-FIGHT - U.S.A. 14 CASUALTIES; BRITAIN, 79.



WAR QUARTERLY

WAR QUARTERLY

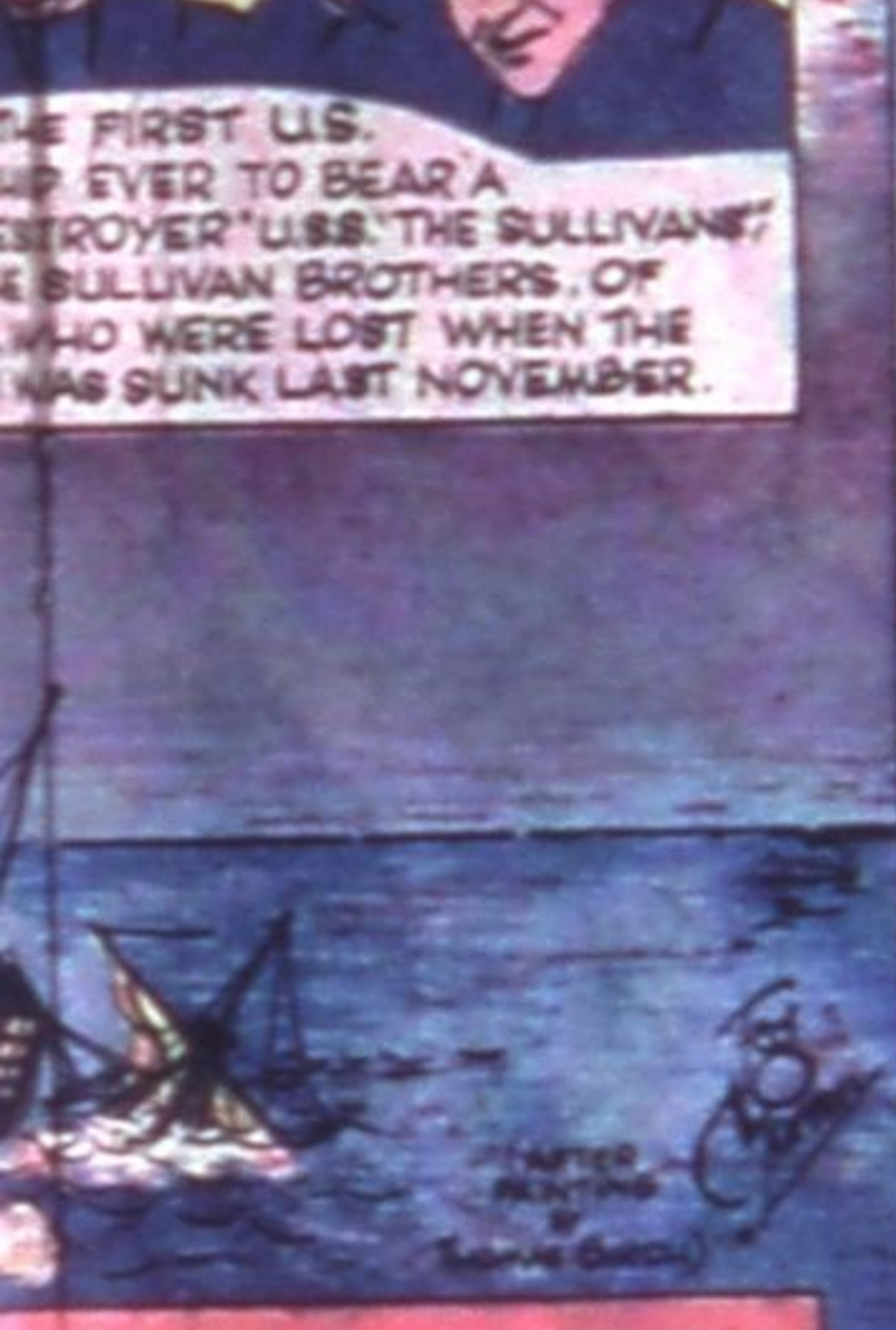
America - It's Worth Defending!

by Fog Murray

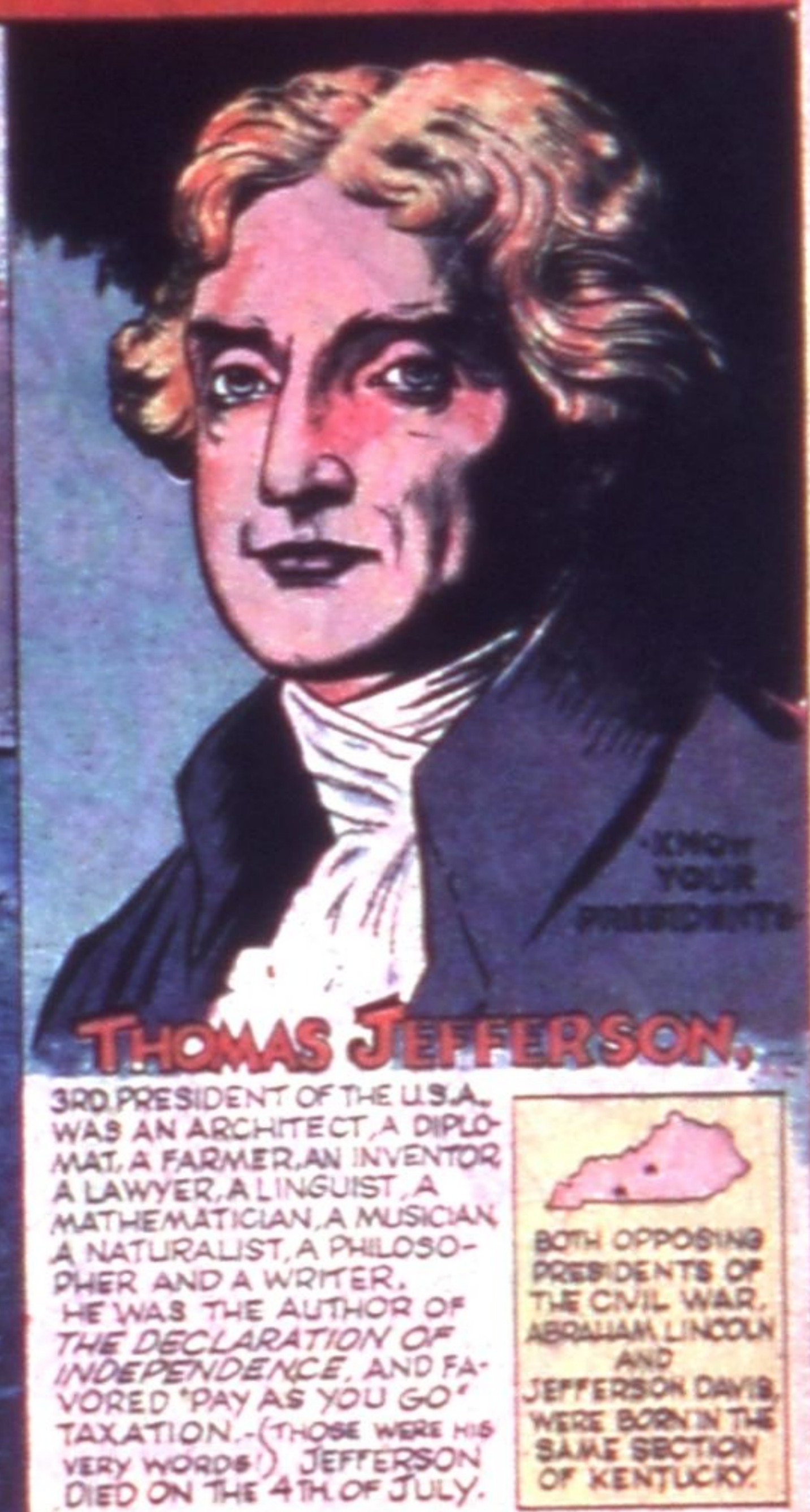

THE FIRST OF MANY
BATTLES IN THE DISPUTE BETWEEN THE BRITISH
AND THE COLONISTS WAS FOUGHT ON APRIL 19TH, 1775
AT LEXINGTON, MASS. THE BRITISH WERE ON THEIR WAY TO
CONCORD TO SEIZE SOME AMMUNITION STORED THERE BY
THE COLONISTS. THEY WERE STOPPED BY A SMALL BODY
OF MINUTEMEN UNDER CAPTAIN JOHN PARKER.
THE BRITISH WERE FORCED TO RETREAT TO BOSTON.
THE COLONISTS HAD WON THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR.
THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, UNDER KING GEORGE III,
WAS DETERMINED TO CRUSH THE REVOLT BY FORCE.
THE BRITISH ARMY, UNDER GENERAL THOMAS GAGE,
WAS CONCENTRATED IN BOSTON.
GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE COLONIAL ARMY.
THE BRITISH ARMY WAS DRIVEN FROM BOSTON
BY THE COLONISTS UNDER WASHINGTON

efending! by Feg Murray

THE FIRST U.S. SHIP EVER TO BEAR A DESTROYER "U.S.S. THE SULLIVANS" THE SULLIVAN BROTHERS, OF WHO WERE LOST WHEN THE WAS SUNK LAST NOVEMBER.



...IN 1903, THE FATHER OF ORVILLE ...LBUR WRIGHT EXCITEDLY TOLD ...ITOR OF A DAYTON, OHIO, NEWS- ...THAT HIS BOYS HAD JUST MADE ...ST SUCCESSFUL AIRPLANE FLIGHT ...ORY, AND WOULD BE COMING HOME ...HE PAPER HEADLINED ITS STORY ... BROS. TO BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS", ...ONT EVEN MENTION THE FLIGHT!



THOMAS JEFFERSON,

3RD PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A., WAS AN ARCHITECT, A DIPLOMAT, A FARMER, AN INVENTOR, A LAWYER, A LINGUIST, A MATHEMATICIAN, A MUSICIAN, A NATURALIST, A PHILOSOPHER AND A WRITER. HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF *THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE*, AND FAVORED "PAY AS YOU GO" TAXATION.-(THOSE WERE HIS VERY WORDS!) JEFFERSON DIED ON THE 4TH OF JULY.

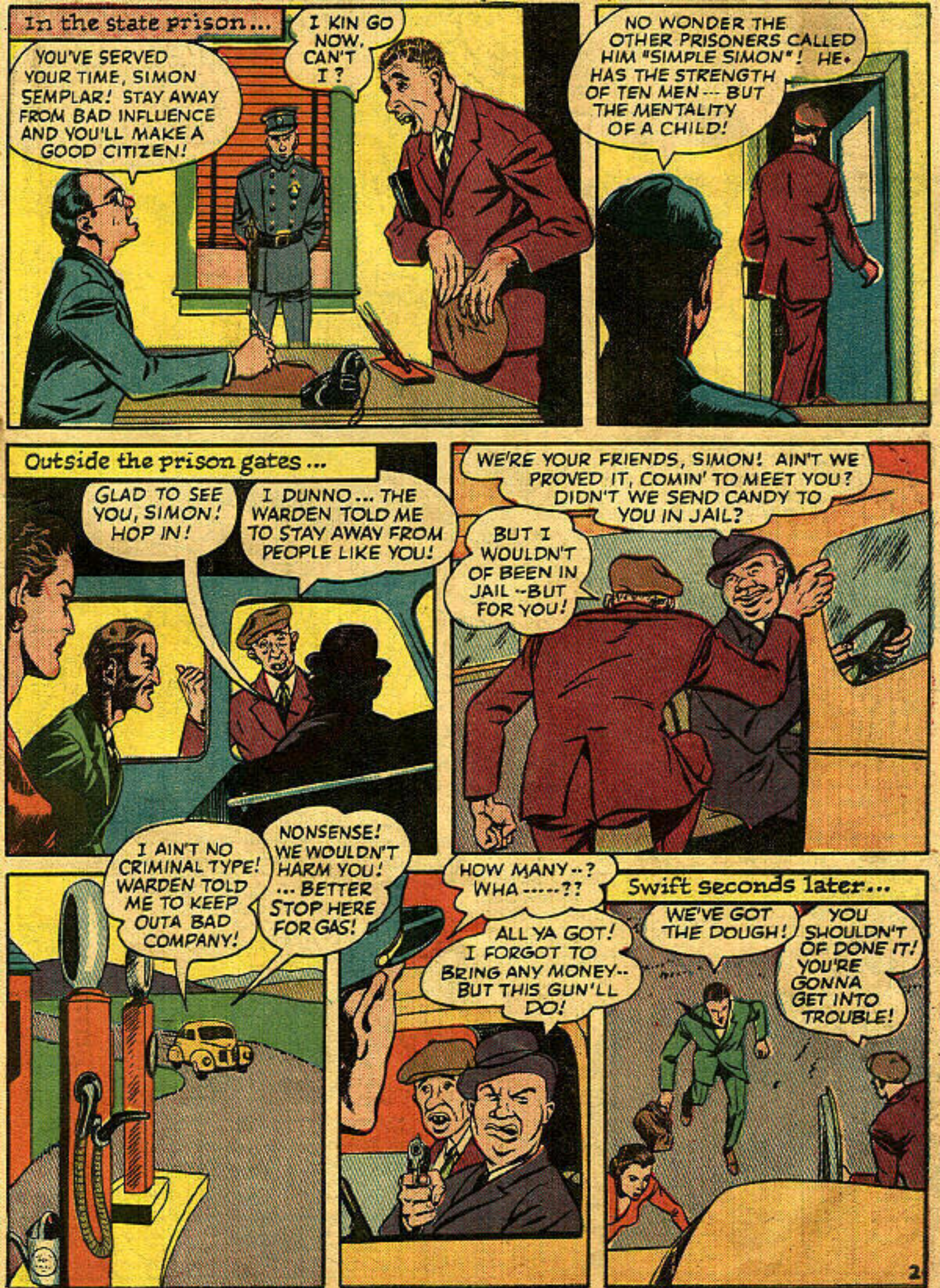
BOTH OPPOSING PRESIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR, ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON DAVIS, WERE BORN IN THE SAME SECTION OF KENTUCKY.

The DOLL MAN



WHAT is the most widely read book of Nursery Rhymes? ... You're *RIGHT!* It's MOTHER GOOSE! ... But what happens when the well loved characters of childhood come alive in modern and terrible guise to commit their deeds of felony? Can THE DOLL MAN, mighty mite, match his wits against the four plunderers who step from the pages of children's verses into the world of reality? Here's an exciting and thrilling tale:

"A Blueprint For Banditry!"...


In the state prison...
I KIN GO NOW, CAN'T I?
YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME, SIMON SEMPLAR! STAY AWAY FROM BAD INFLUENCE AND YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD CITIZEN!
NO WONDER THE OTHER PRISONERS CALLED HIM "SIMPLE SIMON"! HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN --- BUT THE MENTALITY OF A CHILD!
Outside the prison gates...
GLAD TO SEE YOU, SIMON! HOP IN!
I DUNNO... THE WARDEN TOLD ME TO STAY AWAY FROM PEOPLE LIKE YOU!
WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, SIMON! AIN'T WE PROVED IT, COMIN' TO MEET YOU? DIDN'T WE SEND CANDY TO YOU IN JAIL?
BUT I WOULDN'T OF BEEN IN JAIL --BUT FOR YOU!
I AIN'T NO CRIMINAL TYPE! WARDEN TOLD ME TO KEEP OUTA BAD COMPANY!
NONSENSE! WE WOULDN'T HARM YOU! ... BETTER STOP HERE FOR GAS!
HOW MANY --? WHA -----??
ALL YA GOT! I FORGOT TO BRING ANY MONEY-- BUT THIS GUN'LL DO!
Swift seconds later...
WE'VE GOT THE DOUGH!
YOU SHOULDN'T OF DONE IT! YOU'RE GONNA GET INTO TROUBLE!

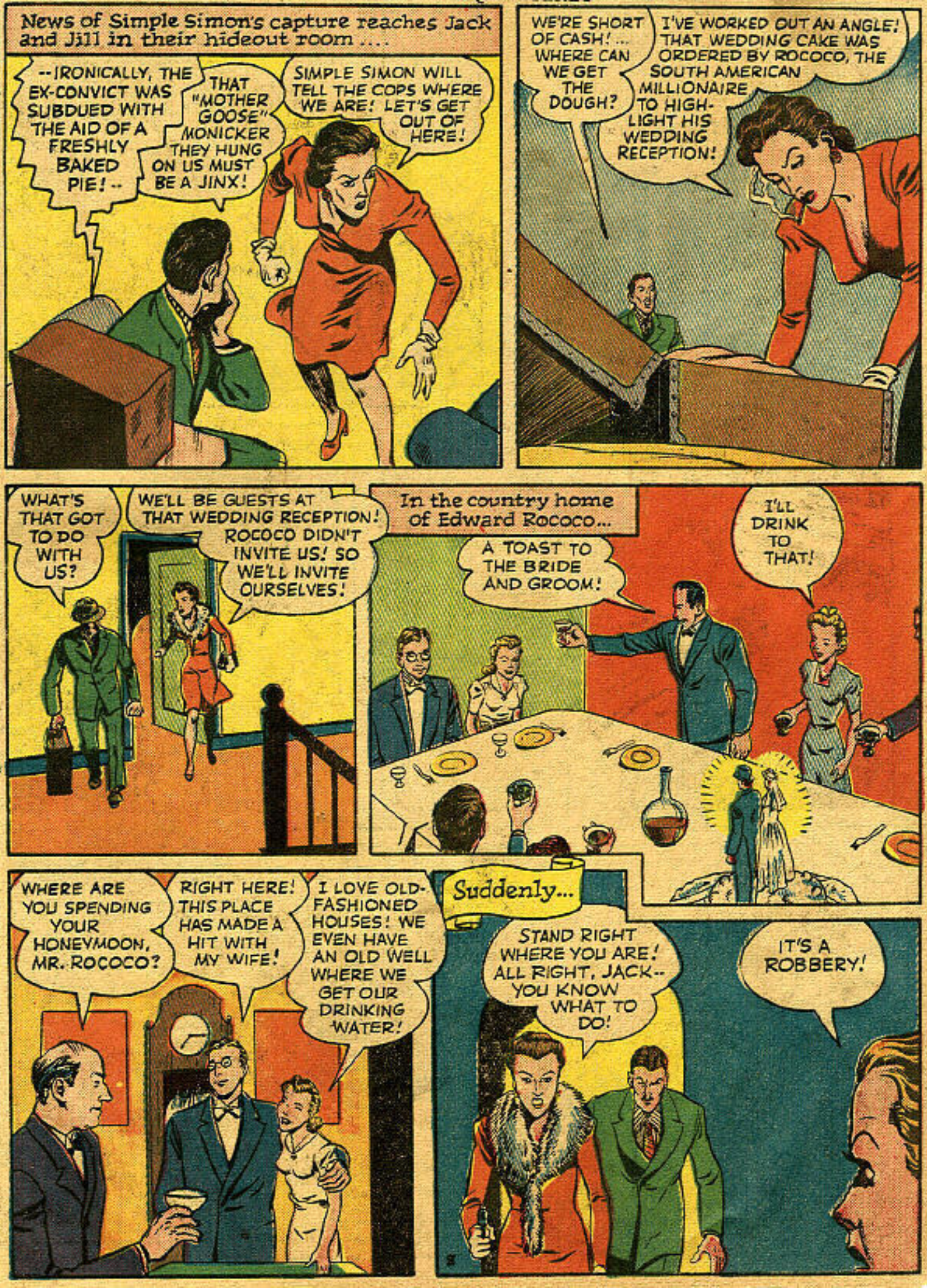

LATER...in the gang's hideout...
...POLICE HUNTING GAS STATION HOLD-UP GANG ... ONLY CLUE IS MOTHER GOOSE BOOK LEFT BEHIND!...
SIMON! THAT'S YOUR BOOK?
HEAR THAT?
I MUSTA LOST IT! THE WARDEN SAID I COULD TAKE IT! I LIKED THE PRETTY PICTURES! I DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM... HONEST!
YOU SAP!
DON'T WORRY! THE COPS CAN'T TRACE US THROUGH THAT BOOK -- BUT SIMPLE SIMON'S GOTTA STICK WITH US NOW -- 'CAUSE THE WARDEN WILL KNOW SIMON WAS ON THAT JOB!
GOSH... GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!
DAILY ☆ STAR
MOTHER GOOSE GANG STILL AT LARGE!
"SIMPLE SIMON" KNOWN TO BE ACCOMPLICE...
POLICE PROMISE EARLY ARRESTS!
SIMON SEMPLAR
ONE OF THE GANG IS "SIMPLE SIMON"! THE GAS STATION ATTENDANT SAID THE LEADER LOOKED LIKE HUMPTY DUMPTY!
DARREL!... FORGET ABOUT MOTHER GOOSE! YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO THE DOG SHOW!
Later...
THAT DOG'S WORTH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS -- BUT THE OWNER WON'T SELL AT ANY PRICE!
OF COURSE NOT!...

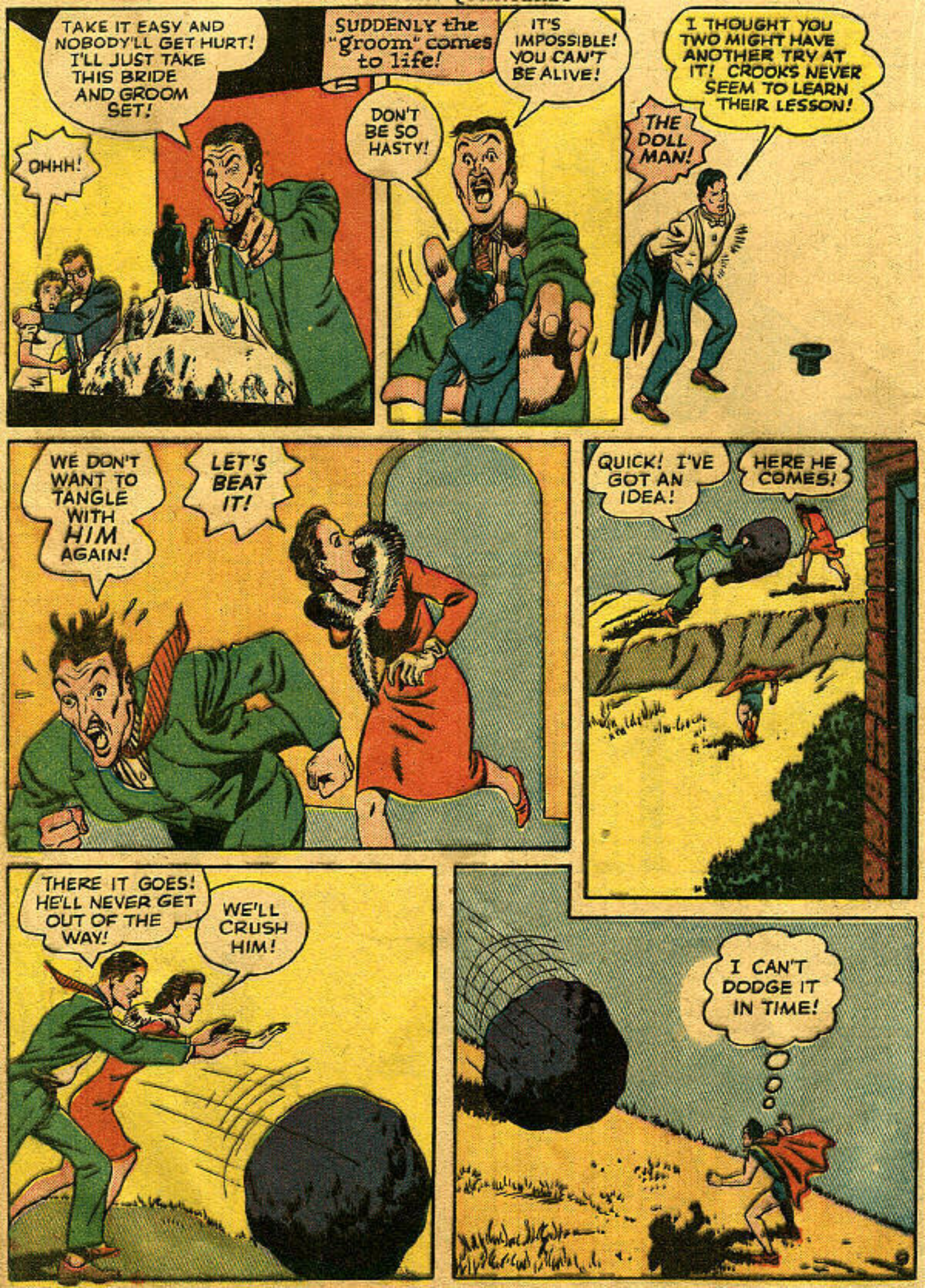

BUT THE OWNERS MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO BUY BACK THESE MUTTS AT FANCY PRICES! ... COME ON, GANG!
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!
OWW! YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARM!
BETTER PUT GUN AWAY LIKE NICE MAN!
Darrel Dane and Martha happen by!
LOOK!
OHH! THAT MUST BE THE "MOTHER GOOSE" GANG!
STAY HERE MARTHA! I'LL GO FOR HELP!...
BUT I WON'T GO FAR ... JUST ENOUGH TO BRING...
EXIT
THE DOLL MAN!
Darrel Dane, alone of all mortals, can compress his body molecules to the size of this mighty mite!
YEOW!
MIND IF I COME ALONG?
LOOK AT HUMPTY DUMPTY RUN! AFTER HIM, BOWSER!
THE DOLL MAN! LOOK OUT, GANG!
4


The gang leader seeks to escape by climbing to the balcony!
HEL-LP! I--I'M FALLING!
AAAHH!
"HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL! AND NO ONE WILL EVER PUT HIM TOGETHER AGAIN!"
Later...
THIS ADDRESS WAS FOUND ON HUMPTY'S BODY! BUT I'VE CHECKED --IT'S NOTHING BUT A BAKERY!
WHATEVER HUMPTY WAS THINKING ABOUT WHEN HE WROTE THAT ADDRESS, THE OTHERS IN HIS GANG PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT IT, TOO!
Meanwhile... the gang gets a new leader! ...
PORE LITTLE HUMPTY DUMPTY!
STOP THAT! HE'S DEAD! -AND I'M TAKING OVER!
WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, JILL?
WE'RE GOING THROUGH WITH THAT BAKERY JOB! THE PLANS ARE ALL SET-- AND TONIGHT WE MOVE!
5


That night, in the bakery...
IT'S BOUND TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE!
UNLESS THAT STORY IN THE PAPERS WAS A FAKE!
But...
IT'S PURTY, AIN'T IT?
THAT'S THE ONE! THE BRIDE AND GROOM ARE STUDDED WITH REAL JEWELS!
CLICK
EMERALDS AND RUBIES AND---
MUSTN'T TOUCH!!
THE DOLL MAN! YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!
CAN YOU CATCH ME?
OH!
NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH!
YOU LITTLE IMP!
UP AND AROUND WE GO! ---
NECKTIES ARE BEING WORN TIGHTER THIS SEASON!
LEMME GO! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!


Suddenly...
WHAT THE-!?
LITTLE MAN KILL MY FRIEND HUMPTY DUMPTY! NOW ME GONNA KILL YOU!
WOW! -- HE'S TURNING ON THE PRESSURE! THIS GUY'S STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK STONES IN HIS BARE HANDS!
Stronger and stronger grows the cruel pressure --- until the DOLL MAN'S mighty body can stand it no longer!
I'M FINISHED-- UNLESS I CAN REACH THAT SHELF!
OOF!
MADE IT!
"SIMPLE SIMON MET THE PIE-MAN--" BUT THE OTHERS GOT AWAY!
THIS BETTER BE GOOD!
7


News of Simple Simon's capture reaches Jack and Jill in their hideout room ....
--IRONICALLY, THE EX-CONVICT WAS SUBDUED WITH THE AID OF A FRESHLY BAKED PIE!--
THAT "MOTHER GOOSE" MONICKER THEY HUNG ON US MUST BE A JINX!
SIMPLE SIMON WILL TELL THE COPS WHERE WE ARE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'RE SHORT OF CASH! ... WHERE CAN WE GET THE DOUGH?
I'VE WORKED OUT AN ANGLE! THAT WEDDING CAKE WAS ORDERED BY ROCOCO, THE SOUTH AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE TO HIGH-LIGHT HIS WEDDING RECEPTION!
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH US?
WE'LL BE GUESTS AT THAT WEDDING RECEPTION! ROCOCO DIDN'T INVITE US! SO WE'LL INVITE OURSELVES!
In the country home of Edward Rococo...
A TOAST TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM!
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
WHERE ARE YOU SPENDING YOUR HONEYMOON, MR. ROCOCO?
RIGHT HERE! THIS PLACE HAS MADE A HIT WITH MY WIFE!
I LOVE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSES! WE EVEN HAVE AN OLD WELL WHERE WE GET OUR DRINKING WATER!
Suddenly...
STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! ALL RIGHT, JACK-- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
IT'S A ROBBERY!


TAKE IT EASY AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT! I'LL JUST TAKE THIS BRIDE AND GROOM SET!
OHHH!
SUDDENLY the "groom" comes to life!
DON'T BE SO HASTY!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE!
I THOUGHT YOU TWO MIGHT HAVE ANOTHER TRY AT IT! CROOKS NEVER SEEM TO LEARN THEIR LESSON!
THE DOLL MAN!
WE DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH HIM AGAIN!
LET'S BEAT IT!
QUICK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
HERE HE COMES!
THERE IT GOES! HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THE WAY!
WE'LL CRUSH HIM!
I CAN'T DODGE IT IN TIME!


A perfectly timed leap--and the DOLL MAN races against doom!
WOW! I FEEL LIKE A MAN ON A TREAD-MILL!
HE'S AFTER US AGAIN! NOTHING STOPS HIM!
STAND AND FIGHT! YOU'RE BIGGER THAN HE IS!
BUT I HAVE A BIGGER WALLOP!
OHHH!
SPLOOSH
AIEEEE
CRASH
THE MORAL OF THIS TALE? WELL, PERHAPS THAT CAN BEST BE STATED IN RHYME, TOO: "FOR HE WHO STEALS AND RUNS AWAY, WILL LIVE TO PAY, ANOTHER DAY"!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW! HE EVEN "FETCHED A PAIL OF WATER"!-- RIGHT OUT OF THE WELL!
HE'LL DROWN! GET HIM OUT--AND I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING!
YOU MIGHT SAY "JILL CAME TUMBLING AFTER"! FOR HER DOWNFALL CAME WHEN HER PARTNER IN CRIME GOT INTO TROUBLE! IT WAS A CURIOUS ENDING FOR THE "MOTHER GOOSE" GANG! EACH OF THEM MET THE FATE PREDICTED IN THE NURSERY RHYME!
DOLL MAN APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN FEATURE COMICS!

The Kid FROM HESTER STREET

HELLO KIDS! I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT TALKIN' I JUST WANT TO GIVE YA SOME OF TH' LAYOUT OF THIS STORY... I'M LARRY. THE KID FROM HESTER STREET... AN' DONT LOOK NOW BUT THAT GOIL T'MY LEFT IS TESSIE!

I DON'T GO FOR GOILS MUCH BUT TESSIE TAGS ALONG LIKE HAM-AN'-EGGS PORK-AN-BEANS OR PRETZELS-AN-CIDER!

OKAY, LARRY, COAST IS CLEAR!

By L. Feldstein

HURRY, LARRY!

TH' PRETZEL-MAN'S CHASIN' US FER BORROWIN' THIS LIL PRETZEL

..NOW MR. GOURPUSS IS ALSO CHASIN' US, FOR DUNKIN' TH' PRETZEL IN HIS CIDER BARREL! SAY, WHAT'S A PRETZEL WITHOUT CIDER!

I'LL--I'LL TWIST YER ARMS INTO PRETZELS!

'AN' I'LL FOLLOW YA TO TH' BITTER END!

WHEEEEEEE

WHENEVER LARRY GETS INTO TROUBLE HE JUMPS INTO AN OLD COAL CHUTE AN' HE'S SAFE--FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY!

C'MON, TESSIE, LET'S HIDE IN OUR FAVORITE PLACE! DOWN TH' OLD COAL CHUTE!

RIGHT BEHIND YA, LARRY!

YEOW! WE'RE NOT LANDIN' IN ANY COAL PILE! WE'RE IN A VERY STRANGE PLACE! LARRY, I'M SCARED!

HOLD ON TIME, TESSIE! DON'T BE AFRAID! SAY, THIS IS A STRANGE PLACE????

WE'RE FALLIN!!

EEEEEEEE

SPLASH

GOSH! WE'RE ALL ALONE STRANDED IN TH' MIDDLE UV TH' OCEAN! KIN YA SWIM, TESSIE?

I KIN MANAGE BUT NOT FER LONG--HEY! SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE! IT'S COMIN' FROM OVER THERE!

HELP!

SPLASH
HELP!
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
WHAT'S HAPPENED? HERE, LET'S HELP YA TO SHORE!
HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!
ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! ONE...
IT'S A GOOD THING I LEARNED FIRST AID! LOOK, TEESIE, HE'S COMIN' TO NOW!
I WAS IN MY LABORATORY EXPERIMENTING WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION! I TRIPPED OVER MY BEARD AND FELL INTO THE WATER!
YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND IN APPRECIATION I'LL GIVE YOU THIS MAGIC GOLDEN WISH BONE!
GEE! THANKS!
TH' OLD GUY'S A SCREWBALL! MIGHT AS WELL HUMOR HIM!
AN' HE SAID WE KIN HAVE FOUR WISHES THAT WILL REALLY COME TRUE!
AW, NUTS, TEESIE! YA DON'T BELIEVE THAT OLD MAN DO YA? GEE, I'M HUNGRY! WISH I HAD A NICE BIG STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM CONE!
GEEPS! IT WORKED WHADDYA KNOW!
WOW! AN IT'S REALLY A HEAPIN' STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM CONE!
POP
I WANT A SHOWER OF CANDIES, CHEWIN' GUM AN' SODAS!

GOSH! PILES AND PILES OF CHOCOLATES, CARAMELS AND ICE CREAM CONES! THIS IS WONDERFUL! TH' OLD BOY CERTAINLY CAME THROUGH FOR US!

SUCKERS! JELLY BEANS AN' CHEWIN GUM! LARRY YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

I ATE SO MUCH I'M ALL FULL -- AN' FEELIN' FUNNY INSIDE!

AN' GEE I'VE GOT THIS CHEWIN GUM ALL OVER ME AN' I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD MYSELF!

OH! WE'RE SO DIRTY AN' STICKY!

WISH WE COULD BE CLEAN-YEAH -- CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

TWEEEEEEEEEE

NOW I WONDER WHERE WE'RE AT! IT'S DARK IN HERE!

SAY WHAT D'YA SUPPOSE THIS LITTLE BALL IS FOR?

THE KIDS LAND PLUNK RIGHT INSIDE A WHISTLE

BRRRRR! DERN THIS WHISTLE IT'S STUCK AGAIN! IT MUST BE SOME DIRT!

THE SNAKE CHARMER TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND BLOWS AND BLOWS!

HEY! THAT BALL'S ALIVE! OW!

HE BLOWS SO HARD HE BLOWS THE KIDS RIGHT OUT OF THE HOLE ON TOP OF THE WHISTLE AND...

?

TWEEOO. A-AH! NOW THE WHISTLE IS WORKING AGAIN!

HEY, LARRY! THIS IS JUS' LIKE SLIDIN' DOWN TH' SCHOOL RAILIN'! WHOOPEE--

WHEEEEEE I HOPE THIS DOESN'T LAND US IN SCHOOL!

SAY-- THA'S NO RAILIN' THA'S A S-S SNAKE! EEEEK!! SAVE ME!

QUICK, TEDDIE! LET'S RUN AN' HIDE!

AH! A COUPLE OF STOWAWAYS EH, KATIE? WE'LL PUT THEM WITH OUR FLEA CIRCUS AND TEACH THEM TO DO A TRAPEZE ACT!

HELP! HE GOT ME! I'M STABBED! I'M KILLED!

ME TOO, LARRY!

YOU AIN'T MAKIN' NO FLEA OUTTA US! RUN FOR IT, TESSIE!

RIGHT BEHIND YA, LARRY! I'LL SLIP RIGHT THROUGH HIS FINGERS!

HEY LARRY, WE'RE FALLIN'! FAST, BETTER USE TH' GOLDEN WISHBONE AGAIN!

WEELL· WELL I WISH WE WAS BACK AGAIN WITH TH' OLD MAGICIAN!

IT WORKED JUST LIKE MAGIC THEY FELL DOWN, DOWN RIGHT INTO THE MAGICIAN'S LABORATORY

ZOOP

WELL, MY FRIENDS, HOW DID YOU FARE WITH THE FOUR WISHES I GAVE YOU?

THE SODAS AN CHEWIN' GUM WAS SWELL!

BUT WE NEARLY BECAME TRAINED FLEAS FOR A FLYIN' TRAPEZE!

SCHOOL ISN'T AS BAD AS IT SOUNDS! I GOT YOU IND THIS WITH MY LAST MAGIC EXPERIMENT! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME MAGIC TO GET YOU BACK HOME AGAIN!

GEE- THAT WAS ONLY AN OLD DUMB WAITER!

WELL TESSIE IT'S DARK NOW AND THE PRETZEL MAN AND MR. SOUR-PUSS'LL NEVER FIND US! SO· WE BETTER BE GOIN' HOME! G'LONG, KID!

G'LONG, LARRY!

THE MAGICIAN MIXED A LITTLE OF "THIS" AND A LITTLE OF "THAT"--A LITTLE "NOW" AND A LITTLE "THEN"--AND-

READ THE DOLL MAN AND MANY OTHER EXCITING STORIES.... IN FEATURE COMICS EVERY MONTH

THE GREEN DEATH

MIKITOJO'S garden pleased him very much. It was a very strange garden because it was composed entirely of odd looking dwarf trees with long tentacles, much like the tentacles of an octopus. For many years Mikitojo had been at work on his weird plants, here in the little sheltered valley on the Snake River. He had at last perfected the idea he had worked on so long, and it was ready for delivery to Herr Doktor Fritz Klutach, upon whose shoulders rested the fate of the world—the Nazi world, and the Nippon world.

Mikitojo, small and brown, grinned happily when he thought of the monstrous weapon they would release against the hated Allied powers soon.

"Scum!" he hissed. "They will see soon who is the master of the world!"

Mikitojo clapped his hands and two assistants came running out into the garden. They bowed to the great scientist.

"You will prepare the dwarf trees for shipment immediately," he said. "Crate them well and make no mistake in addressing them."

When the two men had done his bidding, Mikitojo walked around his small house and stood in reverent awe of the giant tree that grew against the mountainside. It was a weird looking tree and it seemed to grow visibly as Mikitojo watched. He grinned and rubbed his small hands. Then he waddled into the house to have a cup of tea.

Farther up the Snake River, in another sheltered valley, stood a more pretentious house, which was more of a laboratory than dwelling. This was the workshop of Herr Doktor Fritz Klutach, the plump little German scientist who had hidden well ever since the declaration of war against his country. He was in much the same situation as his Jap ally, Mikitojo. The latter had fled when the Army ordered all Japanese to internment camps. And ever since then he and the Nazi doctor had worked together on a device to ruin the world.

Doktor Klutach received the shipment of crates from Mikitojo with much rejoicing. The little Nip had come through, after all. Because for some time Herr Klutach had had misgivings; Mikitojo had run into many troubles during the last few months, and the Doktor was beginning to think that the experiment was a flop. But now he was happy, especially after he had tried certain acids and formulae on the plants and found them to be all that Mikitojo had prophesied.

Doktor Klutach worked like a beaver for many days, perfecting his part of the experiment. Really, his was the most important part of all. His work was to make the tiny trees lethal things with which to hurl against the invading British and Americans.

"Wait till they run into this wonderful thing!" the doktor giggled. "Just wait till those verdammpt pig-heads get a taste of the German ingenuity!" It didn't bother Herr Klutach to omit any credit to Mikitojo for the discovery of the deadly device. In fact, deep within the doktor's heart there lurked a plan to cut Mikitojo entirely off from any glory resulting from the find. But there was also a plan brewing in the little Nip's dark heart. . . .

The "Green Death" struck first in one of the Pacific islands where the Allied powers had been making great headway with Hirohito's forces. It struck with such blinding force that chaos was the word of the day. Only a vague report of it came through on the Navy report, but it was easy to read between the lines: several hundred sailors and Marines had died—trapped by the Green Death. In fact, more than one Jap soldier and sailor had been trapped by the mysterious doom that swept over the island during the night. But Hirohito cared naught for that. What was a few dead Nipponese compared to the death of hundreds of the enemy?

But this was not the only island affected; two or three days later, reports came through that several other islands had been blighted by the Green Death, and the casualties mounted in many hundreds. Not only did soldiers and sailors lose their lives, but many planes and other equipment was destroyed by the crushing death that came so fast out of nowhere.

Darrell Dane, slick young American reporter on an American newspaper, and an amateur crime buster, read the reports with growing amazement. What the dickens was this Green Death? Where did it come from? No one seemed to have an explanation. And this fact didn't set well with Darrell Dane, who liked his facts plain.

"I think I'll take a trip out to the Pacific islands," he told his city editor. "This thing is getting too big to allow it to get any bigger—if you'll pardon the ambiguity of the phrase."

The editor grinned. "Suit yourself, Hot Shot! But you may be stickin' your neck out."

"A lot of guys out there have been sticking their necks out—for us. So I'm shoving off in the morning."

Before Darrell Dane took off the next morning, more tragic reports of the spread of Green Death came through from the Pacific theatre. New Guinea had been hit. The Solomons. Various islands whose names had to be withheld, but where the blight had struck violently, accounting for many deaths among the armed forces.

Darrell listened to the newscast on the transport and his blood boiled. Why couldn't something be done about this awful thing? Didn't anybody know what was causing it? From whence did the *thing* emanate?

Aboard the speeding Mitsui were two men who did not belong to the evil crew. They were Dr. Klutach and Mikitojo and they were sharing the gratification of each seeing his brain

child produce results. And what results! They watched the terrain slipping past under them. Occasionally one of them would touch a control on a small board in front of them. Always this was over some island.

"Look!" gloated Mikitojo, when the Jap bomber had circled and flown back over some of the islands they had crossed several minutes before. "Is anything more beautiful, Herr Doktor?"

The German muttered something and there was a gleam in his eyes at what he saw. Surely this was the most wonderful invention ever. With it, no enemy could hope to hold out against its horrors. Dr. Klutach pictured to himself what would happen to Russia in just a few days—when he had manufactured enough of the chemical spores which wrought this magic. Russia! It would be laid waste in a week. Then there was the whole of Africa. And England. And, yes, Italy. That was Herr Hitler's dream, wasn't it, to grab all of Europe? Italy! Dr. Klutach sneered. What a fool Mussolini was! What fools the Italian people were! Why—

A shell screamed past the fuselage of the plane and the pilot put the ship into a wing-over, which nearly made Herr Doktor Klutach lose his lunch. Mikitojo grabbed his fat stomach and closed his eyes. "Name of a pig!" he groaned. "Is that fool trying to kill us?"

Several shells came close to the Jap ship and the pilot, an exceptionally good one for a Nip, maneuvered to safety by getting ceiling.

On one of the islands over which the Jap plane had passed a strange thing was happening. A low green hedge-like growth was forming on two-thirds of the area. It grew like something not of this world. In just a few minutes, where there had been only tufts of rough grass, there was a dense carpet of ugly, snaky bushes, which writhed and twisted like serpents. Great tentacles shot out from the common centers of each growth, tentacles with monstrous thorns on them. The hundreds of Marines on the island ran for their lives away from the uncanny growths. But the wind blowing in from the sea scattered seed pods and spores to the untouched area and in a few minutes the growths had started among the soldiers.

"Come on, you guys," yelled a sergeant. "We gotta get out of here! Them things will catch us all!" He dashed for the surf and plunged in. The others followed him in a mad rush. And none too soon. The growths quickly filled the open space. They had trapped a few of the Marines, whose cries of agony rang in the fleeing soldiers' ears as they leaped into the water. A half dozen planes on the island were gripped by the green terror and crushed as if in the clutches of a giant vise.

The Marines who had taken to the water were soon swept out to sea, and it was a foregone conclusion that they would drown. But this was better than staying to be crushed by the terrible green thorns on the island. By the time the last ones were fifty yards from shore, the growths had attained a general height of twenty feet or more—and still they grew!

Mikitojo and Dr. Klutach sped thither and yon, scattering their spores of death over many islands. Once, from a great height, they spotted an Allied convoy in the ocean and Dr. Klutach gloated when he released the trap holding the spores.

"Ah, this is something we haven't tried as yet! Wait till their decks begin swarming with green monsters!"

And not long afterward, a weird report came over the Navy teletype. The decks of several ships in the convoy were sprouting green monsters. They were engulfing the crew, crushing the very decks in vise-like tentacles!

Darrell Dane, aboard a U. S. bomber, flew over the same islands that Mikitojo and Dr. Klutach had desecrated and saw the terrible havoc the two had wrought. He had heard the relayed report of the attack on the convoy, and on two other convoys later.

But where was Darrell to start in order to stop this wholesale death by the green growths? There wasn't a clue to go on. But a couple of days after landing on a distant Solomon island—one which hadn't been touched by the spores—Darrell saw a Mitsu come down and land. His own plane was hidden by bushes and the crew were well covered by trees.

Quickly he made for the spot where the Jap ship had landed, and saw, from a screening of bushes, both Dr. Klutach and the little Jap scientist. He was close enough to overhear their conversation, which instantly tipped off that they were the guilty parties. He watched. He saw the German take a small case from the ship and open a lid in the top. Then from a glass case which was implanted in the sand, the German began filling the box with something, using a sort of trowel.

While Darrell watched, his crew members sneaked up. Darrell said, "Watch, you fellows. I'm going to find out what they are doing." Then a strange thing happened. Darrell disappeared. Darrell Dane, if you recall, can instantly reduce his size to that of a Lilliputian, less than a foot high. This he had done, then plunged into the brush. Soon he was close to the two conspirators. The German carried the box into the plane and the Jap climbed in after him. So did Darrell—now in the person of The Doll Man.

Inside the plane, the Doll Man became his full-sized self and, whipping out a gun, covered the whole bunch. "Outside," he commanded.

Dr. Klutach, Mikitojo and the two pilots backed out of the plane, their hands raised. Darrell kicked the box out of the cabin. Its lid burst open and spilled grayish seed on the ground. Instantly a weird thing happened: the spores took root and began growing with lightning-like rapidity.

The three Japs and the German screamed and started to run, but Darrell fired a shot over their heads and ordered them to stay put. When the green growths had cut off their retreat inland, Darrell backed away toward his crew and plane. Already the Jap plane had been gripped in the crushing tentacles and one of its wings buckled with a ripping sound. The screams of the enemy were shattering the air, but it did little good.

The last Darrell Dane saw as his plane lifted were the four men writhing in the clutches of their own lethal invention.

THE DOLL MAN



Many times *THE DOLL MAN*, tiny defender of justice, has come to the aid of the innocent and the oppressed! But this time it is the DOLL MAN, as Darrel Dane, who stands accused! And there is apparently no one to save him from his fate! ...

Read how the Doll Man meets the greatest test of his career in the thrilling story of ...

"THE STATE VERSUS THE DOLL MAN!"

OUR STORY OPENS ON AN INCREDIBLE SCENE -- AS DARREL DANE STANDS ACCUSED OF MURDER!

YOU KILLED HIM!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY!!

MR. RAINIER -- AND HE'S DEAD?!

THERE'S YOUR MURDERER! CALL THE POLICE!

YES, SIR!

AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE--

WHAT'S GOING ON?

THAT MAN MURDERED MR. RAINIER! I CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT!

IT'S TRUE! I SAW HIM WITH THE SMOKING GUN!

THERE HE GOES!

I'LL STOP HIM!...

BANG!

A BULLET STOPS DARREL DANE!

UH!

HE TRIED TO RUN AWAY! THAT PROVES HE'S GUILTY, ALL RIGHT!

HE'S A MURDERER! HE DESERVES TO DIE!

A STRANGE EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A MAN WHOSE REAL IDENTITY IS THE DOLL MAN! ...FOR THE ANSWER, LET US GO BACK A FEW HOURS TO A QUIET LUNCHEON SCENE WITH DARREL DANE AND HIS FIANCEE...

I'M IN TROUBLE, DARREL! YOU MUST HELP ME!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, MARTHA!

A MAN NAMED RAINIER IS TRYING TO BLACKMAIL ME! HE HAS SOME LETTERS I WROTE, INNOCENT LETTERS, WHICH MIGHT LOOK TERRIBLY DIFFERENT IN PRINT!

I SEE!

THEY'RE NOT WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK, DARREL! BUT I CAN'T AFFORD ANY SCANDAL!

I'LL SEE RAINIER TODAY! HE'LL LISTEN TO REASON!

HENRY RAINIER IS THE REAL LEADER OF THE RACKETS IN THIS TOWN! THE POLICE ARE GETTING READY TO ARREST HIM! IT WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE MARTHA'S LETTERS FALL INTO THEIR HANDS!

DARREL CALLS ON RAINIER...

I WANT THOSE LETTERS! I INTEND TO GET THEM — OR ELSE!

ARE YOU THREATENING ME, MR. DANE?

CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE! I...

OHHHHHH!

THE MURDERER TOSSES THE STILL-SMOKING GUN TO DARREL, WHO INSTINCTIVELY CATCHES IT!

YOU KILLED HIM!

A FRAME-UP! HE KNOWS A PERSON ALWAYS INSTINCTIVELY GRABS ANYTHING TOSSED AT HIM!

NEXT DAY'S HEADLINES SHRIEK THE INCREDIBLE NEWS!

DAILY GLOBE

DARREL DANE CHARGED WITH MURDER!!

MARTHA ROBERTS IS AMONG THE FIRST TO VISIT DARREL...

I'M INNOCENT, MARTHA! THE OTHER MAN THREW THE GUN TO ME AFTER THE SHOOTING!

YOU DID IT FOR ME, DARREL! I'LL STAND BY YOU, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!

YOU REALLY BELIEVE I KILLED HIM, DON'T YOU?

WELL FIGHT, DARREL! I'LL GET THE BEST LAWYER! THIS IS ALL MY FAULT!

THAT NIGHT...

EVEN MARTHA THINKS I KILLED HIM! A JURY WILL BE SURE TO CONVICT ME!

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO ESCAPE! I WANTED TO GET FREE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE! BUT I ONLY CONVINCED EVERY-ONE OF MY GUILT! - NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO! ...

DARREL DANE'S UNIQUE POWER TO TELESCOPE THE ATOMS OF HIS BODY INTO THE DYNAMIC FIGURE OF THE DOLL MAN STANDS HIM IN GOOD STEAD! ...

I'LL LET THE DOLL MAN TAKE OVER!

THIS JAIL WASN'T BUILT TO MY SIZE - THANK HEAVEN!

THE PRISON SIREN SOUNDS AN ALARM OF DARREL'S ESCAPE!

RRRRRR

THEY KNOW DARREL'S MISSING!

LUCKY THOSE SEARCHLIGHTS ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE BIGGER! ~WONDER HOW I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE?

WE'LL SPOT HIM GOING OVER THE WALL!

SHWOOSH

POK!

KEEP SHOOTING UP THOSE FLARES!

SILENTLY, THE DOLL MAN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE MUZZLE OF THE FLARE MORTAR...

HERE'S WHERE I BECOME A HUMAN CANNON BALL!

♪ ♪ UP IN THE SKY - UP SO HIGH --- ♪

SHWSHHHHHHH

HEY!! WHAT WAS THAT? A SINGIN' ROCKET!

HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND, THE FLARE EXPLODES INTO A BLINDING GLARE WHICH LIGHTS THE GROUND BELOW...

WOW! HOPE I DON'T COME DOWN AS FAST AS I WENT UP!

FINALLY THE FLARE LANDS ... OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...

THANKS FOR THE RIDE!

SOME TIME LATER...

THE NEWSPAPERS MENTIONED THIS AS THE ADDRESS OF "GUNNER" GLAM, THE MAN WHO FRAMED ME!

IN GUNNER GLAM'S APARTMENT...

HELLO, BRENNER! TH' COPS SWALLERED TH' STORY! DARREL DANE'S GOT A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK ANREADY! AN' NOBODY KNOWS IT WAS YOU WHAT WANTED RAINIER OUTA TH' WAY!

NOBODY EXCEPT YOU, GUNNER!

I BUMPED RAINIER OFF FER YA, DIDN'T I? YOU'RE TH' NEW BOSS NOW .. AINTCHA, BRENNER?

JUST IN CASE YOUR CONSCIENCE MIGHT BOTHER YOU - WE'RE GONNA FIX IT SO YOU DON'T HAFTA WORRY ...

GIMME A BREAK, BRENNER! D-DON'T KILL ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING YA SAY!

IF THEY KILL GUNNER I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE I DIDN'T MURDER RAINIER!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, GUNNER!

JUST IN TIME!

BANG!

THE DOLL MAN!

HOW'D YOU GUESS?

CAN IT BE THAT I'M GETTING A REPUTATION?

BOOF!

KILL 'IM!

HE WHO HITS AND RUNS AWAY ...

OOTCH!

-- SOON COMES BACK SOME OTHER WAY!

OH-OH! I DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS!

AND... THE DOLL MAN IS CRUSHED BENEATH THE FALLING BODY!

AS THE DOLL MAN'S HEAD SLOWLY CLEARS, HE REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

WHERE AM I??

Later...

FIRE!

THEY'VE LEFT GUNNER AND ME TO DIE! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

THE DOLL MAN FREES GUNNER!

DIRTY RATS! I'LL GIT EVEN WITH 'EM!

THIS SMOKE GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL USE SOME OF YOUR SHIRT! YOU'LL NEVER MISS IT IF MY IDEA DOESN'T WORK!

R-R-RIP

NOW BY BLOCKING OFF THE SMOKE WITH THIS CLOTH — AND THEN RELEASING IT ...

...I CAN SEND A DISTRESS SIGNAL!

THE SMOKE SIGNAL BRINGS RESULTS!

HOLD ONTO HIM! HE'S GOING TO BE STATE'S WITNESS AGAINST A COUPLE OF RATS!

WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

Later — IN BRENNER'S APARTMENT...

WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT GUNNER AND THE DOLL MAN NO MORE!

I DISAGREE!

YOU!

THIS IS A TWO-POINT LANDING!

AND THIS IS MY TWO-IN-ONE PUNCH!

SPLAT

CRACK!

STENNER RECOVERS QUICKLY!...

I'LL BLOW YOU APART!

THIS WILL HELP TO PUT YOU ASLEEP AGAIN!

YOU LOOK TIRED!

- THE CHRONICLE -

DOLL MAN BRINGS CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE!

YOU'RE FREE! I'M ASHAMED THAT I EVER BELIEVED YOU WERE GUILTY, EVEN FOR A MOMENT!

IT'S OVER NOW! LET'S FORGET IT!

I'LL NEVER DOUBT YOU AGAIN! —THESE ARE THE LETTERS I ASKED YOU TO GET! READ THEM, DARREL!

I DON'T WANT TO READ THEM!

YOU'VE TOLD ME THEY WERE INNOCENT LETTERS — THAT THEY MEANT NOTHING ... I KNOW YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING REALLY WRONG!

YOU'RE DESTROYING THEM!

NOTHING THEY COULD SAY WOULD DESTROY MY FAITH IN YOU! WHATEVER HAPPENS, LET'S NOT DOUBT EACH OTHER AGAIN!

I WON'T, DARREL! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THAT MIGHTY MITE,

THE DOLL MAN

EVERY MONTH IN FEATURE COMICS!



BASEBALLS
KNIVES
FISHING EQUIPMENT
SCOUT EQUIPMENT
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MODEL AIRPLANES
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How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS! Man alive, it's a honey! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target! You bet it's a thrill. All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 32 inches. A real he-man flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wrist watch, woodsman axe, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—cash profits, and many swell prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.



Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine [one of the most popular weeklies in America] to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: **Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.**

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST CARD TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Boy! Oh! Boy!

What MUSCLE... What a BUILD... What SPEED!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With

STRENGTH LIKE THIS!



Let me show you what I can do for you!

I know what you want! Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Well I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must FEEL and LOOK like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!





Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this opportunity! You, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, better physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

Read These Two Letters

From Jack Dempsey—

I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for all-around physical development — power, strength —endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are unique—new and I cannot endorse your course too highly.

From

Barney Ross—

As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!

This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Made!

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is BETTER than my Hollywood Course that thousands of others gladly paid me $25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, RHYTHMIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially posed Photo-Instruction Charts—thirty-nine of them, each almost a foot wide and a foot and a half long. I'll give you the original BINDER-EASEL to hold the Charts with complete instructions on every detail of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, building, and other subjects. I'll send you all the essence of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years!

All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only $1.95. Think of it! That's not a down payment, but the cost of a single lesson, but $1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

And Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the postman $1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, endose $1.95 in full, and I'll pay the postage myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Show this to Your Mother or Dad!

TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and well-rounded development. Unbelievable, you know of no other course like this! You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letters from Jack Dempsey and Barney Ross speak for themselves. Sincerely, JOE BONOMO

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